a good samaritan

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a good samaritan

by bonesandthebees (bonesandcacti)

Summary

From the corner of his eye, all he could see was a tuft of blonde hair. The person was sitting right beside him, taking slow, exaggerated breaths like they'd just run a marathon or something.

Oh fuck. This wasn't good.

Deciding to use the element of surprise before the person figured out he was awake, Wilbur took one more breath to steady himself. Then, he bolted upright, and twisted so he could pin the stranger against the wall.

"Hey man! What the fuck?!"

It… It was a kid.

or, Wilbur would've died in that alley, if it wasn't for a loud-mouthed teenager.

or or, the first chapter of tommyinnit's clinic for supervillains but from Wilbur's POV.

Notes

hello everyone!! it's me with some surprise clinic content!!

tbh idk what spurred me to write this. I just saw people talking about clinic again on twitter and I was like hm maybe I should feed the people with some clinic content. so here you guys go!

this is just a fun little one shot showing Wilbur's POV of chapter 1 of clinic! so you get to see what our favorite villain Siren was up to before Tommy found him in that alleyway, and what happened after Tommy left

TWs for this chapter: descriptions of blood and wounds, wound care and medical treatment too

ok that's all! hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Português brasileiro available: a good samaritan (Um Bom Samaritano) by BreezeHurricane

Wilbur's day couldn't get any worse.

"Get back here, Siren!"

Okay, scratch that, *now* it couldn't get any worse.

Gravel crunching under his boots, Wilbur's heart pounded against his ribs as he jumped between rooftops. Behind him, he could hear Dream racing after him, and a whistle of wind was his only warning to duck before a pipe went sailing above his head.

After dropping to the ground in the nick of time, the pipe clattered to the ground only a few feet in front of his face. Shit. That was too close.

"Stop!" Wilbur shouted, his voice echoing across the rooftop as he put as much of his power into it as he could.

Dream, who was still floating a few feet above the roof, didn't stop his approach. "Sorry, did you say something? Can't hear you with my earplugs in, remember?"

Wilbur cursed under his breath. He knew Dream was wearing earplugs, but it was still worth a shot anyway.

It was supposed to be a simple mission. Just go meet up with Quackity and stakeout a warehouse. They weren't doing anything tonight, just checking the guard rotations so they'd know what to expect when they actually went to pull their heist.

The stakeout had been fine! Nothing had gone wrong! He and Quackity had sat and made fun of Schlatt's speech he'd made the night before for all three hours and that was it! Then, after they'd gotten the information they needed, they parted ways.

Wilbur should've taken off his blindfold before he started walking back, but it wasn't that far, and he didn't want to risk Wilbur Soot being seen leaving a warehouse in the dead of night. There had been no reports of heroes patrolling, so he figured it would be fine.

Until Dream showed up out of nowhere.

Now he was running for his life because that fucking bastard just *had* to have ridiculously good aim with his telekinesis. Like, it wasn't bad enough the guy could make himself fly, but he also had to be a great shot. It was unfair at this point.

Well, everything about the Heroes was pretty unfair. Like how they lied to the public about their fights with villains, and did everything in their power to make themselves look better than they actually were. Assholes.

Scrambling to his feet, Wilbur yelped as another hunk of metal barely missed slamming into his arm. He ducked again when Dream threw some roofing tiles at him, and bit back a scream when a brick crashed into the wall behind his head.

“You can’t dodge forever!” Dream taunted, launching more roof tiles at him.

Gritting his teeth, Wilbur jumped behind an electrical box for cover. He heard more tiles break against the other side, and ducked to try and shield himself from the shards.

Shit. Fuck. This was bad. Dream wasn’t fucking around tonight, that was for sure.

“This can all be over if you just surrender!” Dream called out as Wilbur heard him drop onto the ground.

Knowing Dream wouldn’t be able to hear his reply, he instead reached his hand over the electrical box edge, and held up a middle finger.

“Very mature,” Dream huffed, and Wilbur yanked his hand back down right as another shard of tile went flying over his head.

Okay. This was a bad situation to say the least. Wilbur debated pulling out his phone to ask Phil and Techno for backup, but he doubted either of them would get here in time to do much. Even though he wasn’t sure how to do it, Wilbur had to try and get away from Dream. He wasn’t a hand to hand fighter, and unless Dream decided to be nice and take out his earplugs, there wasn’t shit Wilbur could do to get a leg up in this situation.

He looked at the next roof over. It wasn’t that far, but Dream would definitely see him jump onto it, and he’d just be back in the chase like before. His lungs were already aching, and he knew he was running out of steam. It was only a matter of time before he slipped up. Didn’t dodge in time. Tripped over his own two feet. Did *something* to fuck up, and Dream would win.

But right now, it was either be a sitting duck behind the electrical box, or try to make a run for it.

Wilbur glanced around the city skyline to figure out where he was. From what he could tell, he was somewhere in Eastside. If he could get a lead on Dream just a bit, maybe he could duck into an alleyway and take off the blindfold and coat. Then he could pretend to just be some random drunk guy walking the streets at night to run into the nearest building.

It was risky, but it was the only thing he could think of right then.

Another tile slammed into the wall above his head. That was when Wilbur knew he was out of time.

Jumping to his feet, Wilbur sprinted to the edge of the roof and jumped to the next one. This roof was a bit lower than the one he was on, so he fell into a roll as he landed to soften the impact. As he scrambled to his feet, he heard something metal rip off the wall, and didn’t bother looking back to try and see what Dream was grabbing next.

Before he could even take a step towards the next roof though, he felt something hit him in the back. It didn’t hurt, so he figured it was just a stray piece of tile that had slammed into him. But when he took another step, he realized… he couldn’t.

His legs wouldn't respond. When he dropped his arm to his side, something hard brushed against it, and there was a terrible moment of deafening silence as Wilbur debated whether he wanted to look down or not.

"Siren, I think it's time you stopped running," Dream said behind him.

Wilbur's ears began to ring. He stared straight ahead at the next roof that seemed so close yet so far at the same time. He willed himself to move forward. To take a single step to try and get away from Dream, who he could hear walking towards him right this second.

But he couldn't. His side was suddenly extremely heavy, and all he could do was stand still.

Then, there was the strangest sensation Wilbur had ever felt.

He didn't have to look down to know that there was a pipe sticking clean through his abdomen. He felt the metal as it brushed cold against his insides, pulling away from his organs and out of his body once again as Dream yanked the pipe back into his hand. Warm blood cascaded down his shirt and onto his pants, and Wilbur's ears were ringing so loudly now, he had no idea if Dream was trying to speak to him or not.

All at once, the pain hit.

It was blinding. Fire raced up his side from the hole in his gut, and Wilbur let out a strangled yell as he collapsed to the ground. More blood spilled out onto the gravel beneath him, and all he could do was clutch his side as the flames consumed him. His vision was starting to blur, and the ringing began to fade so it sounded instead like he was underwater.

Dream stood above him, staring down with his perpetual smiling mask as it mocked what were possibly the last moments of his life. He was probably saying something, but Wilbur couldn't see his mouth, and it's not like he'd be able to hear him right now anyway.

So he didn't focus on Dream's face. Instead, he let his gaze drift to the stars, pleading silently for Dream to leave.

Maybe Wilbur should've been afraid. It was a little difficult to be afraid though when his head felt like it was stuffed with cotton.

Dream crouched down beside him. His hand reached for Wilbur's face, and Wilbur weakly tried to turn his head away. If he was going to die, the least the bastard could do would be to let him keep his identity a secret.

Surprisingly, Dream's hand retreated. Wilbur's blurred vision flickered back over to him, and saw Dream was looking at his phone, the glow of his screen reflecting off his smooth, white mask. After a few moments, his shoulders dropped, and he stood back up.

He must've said something else to Wilbur, because he gave a mocking salute, before he turned on his heel and walked the other direction.

Well… shit.

Wilbur needed to get out of here. It seemed like Dream had left, which meant he should get up and run. But the pain was nearly unbearable as his side throbbed and flames raced through his body. He wasn't even sure if he could roll over, let alone stand.

This was it then, he supposed. He always thought that if he were to die as Siren, he would go out in a blaze of glory. A dramatic death caught on the news, the footage replayed thousands of times over and spread all around social media as one of the city's most infamous villains fell.

But this wasn't a blaze of glory. There was no news helicopter circling overhead, no final taunts from Dream—it was just quiet. Completely and utterly quiet.

Who was going to find him? If Dream just left, did that mean the Hero Committee's cleanup crew was going to come get his body? Would his death even be announced, or would Siren just disappear?

H94's death had never reached the news. The Hero Committee covered it up in every way they could, not wanting their shining star to be denounced for the sin he'd committed.

Oh. If Siren disappeared, that meant Phil and Techno would never find out what happened to him. They'd probably assume that he got killed by a hero, but they'd never know for sure. Fuck. They'd never even see his body. Wilbur Soot and Siren both would turn to smoke.

…that hurt.

The pain of realizing that his family would never know what happened to him was the first thing to pierce through the fog in his mind. No longer was he a distant, third-party viewer to his own demise. He was thrust back into his body, fully aware that this was it. He was about to die, and no one would know what happened.

He couldn't let that happen. In his mind's eye, he could already see it so clearly. Phil and Techno waiting up, anxiously checking their phones as the hours passed on. Techno would pace around the kitchen, and Phil would try to respond to emails for lack of anything better to do. They'd probably ask in the discord if Wilbur was with anyone there, Quackity would tell them he and Wilbur had parted ways a while ago, and slowly the realization would sink in.

It would be like a knife slowly sliding between both his father and his brother's ribs. Agonizingly painful as the acceptance settled on their shoulders. The understanding that something had happened and they weren't there.

That mental image was probably what gave him the strength to push to his feet. It was through no herculean strength of his own, but pure, unbridled desperation. One final adrenaline boost. A futile effort to save himself.

Black dots danced around his vision as he stumbled over his own two feet. His hand clutched at his side, blood seeping through his fingers and dripping down his coat. The pain barely even registered to him now. His thoughts were so clouded, it was all he could do to even remember what was going on in the first place.

He had to get away from here. That was his main goal. If Dream came back, he couldn't be waiting for him.

Wilbur took one step forward, and it felt like his body weighed a thousand pounds.

Then, he took a second step.

His boot connected with something hard. The ledge of the roof, which he had forgotten he was standing right next to. That singular moment of his weight shifting from one side to the other was enough to completely ruin the little balance he had. Wilbur tipped forward, his body going limp as he fell off the edge of the roof, and into the dark alley below.

Fuck.

That was his last coherent thought before his back slammed into something hard, and everything went black.

The first thing Wilbur noticed when he woke up was that his shirt was wet.

It was uncomfortable the way his dark t-shirt was clinging to his skin. Somehow, both the front and the back had gotten wet, and it was wet in a way that told him it wasn't water he'd gotten on him. It was… stickier. Warmer than water should be.

The second thing he noticed was the smell. Something rotten curled around him, and if his body didn't feel so strangely heavy, he would've reached up to plug his nose.

Wait, why was his body heavy?

It was like sifting through fog. His thoughts were a mess going in all different directions, the smells and sensations overloading his head and distracting him from how he ended up here in the first place. At the very least, he could feel the familiar blindfold tugged around his eyes, so he knew he was out doing something as Siren-

A soft breath beside him startled Wilbur out of his thoughts. His heart pounded in his ears as he listened to something—or *someone*—shift beside him. There was a tugging on his coat, almost like the person was… digging their hands through his pockets? No, it didn't feel like they were searching him. Wiping their hands off on his jacket? Maybe, but why the hell would someone be using his fucking jacket as a napkin?

Okay, quick self-check. Wilbur couldn't remember where he was or what he'd been doing before this, but he felt strange. The ground beneath his head was hard, like he was lying on concrete, and he could smell something really gross nearby. There was someone beside him who wasn't saying anything, and his blindfold was still on.

Wilbur's eyes fluttered open. Being careful not to move his head, his gaze flickered around, and he realized he was in an alleyway. There was a dumpster to his left which explained the rotten smell, and to his right was a person.

From the corner of his eye, all he could see was a tuft of blonde hair. The person was sitting right beside him, taking slow, exaggerated breaths like they'd just run a marathon or something.

Oh fuck. This wasn't good.

Deciding to use the element of surprise before the person figured out he was awake, Wilbur took one more breath to steady himself. Then, he bolted upright, and twisted so he could pin the stranger against the wall.

"Hey man! What the fuck?!"

It… It was a kid. Probably in his late teens, from what Wilbur could tell. Wide blue eyes met his own, shadowed by dark circles and a subtle hollowness to his cheeks. Underneath his arm, the kid's shoulders were bony—just airing on the side of being *too* bony for a kid with his build.

"Where the hell am I?" Wilbur hissed out, wincing at how scratchy his own voice was.

Despite the fear swirling in the kid's eyes, his face twisted into a scowl. "Take a look around, dickhead. You're in an alleyway."

"Yeah, I fucking figured that, Einstein," Wilbur snapped back, the fatigue weighing down his bones not really giving him much patience to work with. "What part of the city am I in?"

"Eastside. Quite lovely at night, save for the rats and trash everywhere," the kid deadpanned.

Normally, Wilbur would've questioned why a teenager seemed to care so little about the fact that he was being threatened by one of the city's most infamous villains. But right then, Wilbur was still trying to figure out how he ended up in this alley in the first place, so he just nodded.

"Yeah, that sounds right," he muttered to himself, frowning under his mask as he struggled to parse through his foggy thoughts. "What happened? How did I get in this alley?"

"Beats me, mate. I was just walking home when I found you here lying in a pool of your own blood," the kid said, squirming under the arm Wilbur was using to pin him with.

"Blood?" Why the fuck would Wilbur be bleeding? Had he been hurt? Was he in a-

Oh.

Oh.

All at once, the memories came flooding back. Going out with Quackity, Dream chasing him across the rooftops, getting stabbed in the side—it all flashed through his mind, and Wilbur used his free hand to tug up his shirt.

He should be dead. Wilbur had felt himself bleeding out on that rooftop, and had only gotten himself up as a last ditch effort. He'd fallen off the roof, and that should've been it. He

should've bled out by now.

When he lifted the shirt, the wound was still there, but it was far smaller than he remembered it being. Dried blood had crusted around it, but it wasn't actively bleeding anymore, which didn't make any sense.

"Oh fuck, yeah, that," he muttered, staring in shock at the partially-healed wound.

That had been a *hole*. That pipe had gone straight through him. There was no way it would just stop bleeding on its own.

"I should be dead right now," he then said, looking back up at the kid. "How am I not dead?"

The kid tried to shrug, but it was a bit awkward since Wilbur was still pinning him to the wall. "That would be thanks to me. I saved your life, *you're welcome.*"

He emphasized the last part, giving Wilbur a pointed look like he was annoyed at how rude Wilbur was being. Distantly, Wilbur knew he should probably be a bit nicer to this kid who apparently kept him from bleeding out, but he was still too confused as to what the hell was going on to really think about manners at the moment. Not to mention, the kid's words didn't make sense. Because it wasn't like he'd been stitched up. The wound was just… smaller now.

"But there's no bandages. What did you do?"

With a grunt, the kid held up his free hand and grinned at him. "It was your lucky day. You were found by the one Big Man in this city who can heal people with his hands."

Wilbur frowned again as his eyes flickered to the kid's pale hand. "You have healing powers?"

"Sure do. Though lemme tell you, it was a bitch trying to heal that stab wound you got. I'm not used to healing bigger stuff like that, so it's all the more reason to thank me."

…what?

For a moment, Wilbur couldn't think of what to say. He stared at the kid, trying to process his words in a head that was already far too loud.

This kid saved him. A random teenager found him bleeding out in an alley, and used his powers to save Wilbur's life. Wilbur was still wearing the blindfold, but this kid healed him anyway. That didn't make sense.

"Do you have any idea who I am?" He asked after a few moments. At this point, he'd figured it was impossible for anyone in the city to not know who he was. But maybe this kid had been sheltered. Maybe he'd just moved here. Or maybe-

"I think you'd be hard-pressed to find someone in this city who doesn't know who you are, Siren," the kid said bluntly.

Well, that answered that question. Which only made Wilbur even more confused.

“What do you want from me, then? No one would just save my life without expecting something in return.”

The kid was probably expecting a favor. To try and put one of the most powerful villains into his debt by saving his life. Siren was a bad person, not someone you just saved out of the kindness of your heart. But if that was the case, the kid certainly had balls to try and manipulate him like that, especially given his reputation.

To his surprise though, the kid blinked, genuine confusion washing over his face. “Uh… nothing? I dunno, man. I didn’t really have a reason. I just didn’t think it was right to just leave you to die.” The kid paused, before smirking at him. “Besides, it would’ve been embarrassing for the Big Terrifying Siren to bleed out in a random alleyway. I figured I’d save you the humiliation.”

The kid might’ve been a good actor, but Wilbur wasn’t falling for it.

“You’re lying,” he snapped. “You want something, or you’re working for someone, or-”

Suddenly, it clicked. Wilbur had no idea how long he’d been unconscious in this alley for. It only felt like a few minutes, but even if it was only a few minutes, that was still plenty of time for the kid to pull the blindfold away from his face.

“You looked under my mask, didn’t you?” Wilbur hissed.

The kid’s eyes went as wide as saucers. “What?! No-”

”Tell me the truth,” Wilbur ordered, his power thrumming through his voice.

There was a pause, and then the words were spilling out of the kids mouth.

“No, I didn’t look under your fucking mask! That’d just be a shitty goddamn thing for me to do, now wouldn’t it?”

”Then why did you save my life?”

It didn’t make any sense. There was no way the kid could be lying since Wilbur had used his power on him, but then why would he save his life if he hadn’t looked under his mask? All he had done was put himself in a dangerous situation with a supervillain for no good reason.

The kid scowled. “I told you already! I didn’t think anybody deserved to bleed out all alone in a gross ass alleyway! If you’re gonna die on the street you at least deserve to do it in a nice neighborhood, like West End or some shit. Somewhere the rats won’t get you.”

He couldn’t… He couldn’t be lying. But Wilbur also couldn’t put it together in his head. Siren was by no means seen as someone worth saving. The persona he wore when he put that blindfold on was of a man to be terrified of. Sure, Wilbur knew he had his reasons for doing what he did, but the rest of the city didn’t know that. This kid didn’t know that.

This kid only knew Siren as a ruthless villain. And yet, he said that even he didn’t deserve to bleed out alone in an alleyway.

For some reason, this random teenager *cared*. Cared about a stranger. Cared about a horrible man. He put himself at risk just because it felt wrong to do nothing.

Shit. This kid was good. Actually, wholly good.

Those kinds of people were hard to find these days.

Dropping his arm, Wilbur backed away from the kid, and shifted so he was sitting across the narrow alley from him. Immediately, the kid slumped in relief, and reached up to rub the back of his head where it had been pressed against the brick.

“Fucking hell, mate. You’re stronger than you look.”

Head still swimming with exhaustion, Wilbur huffed. “What, do I not look strong or something?”

“I mean, next to The Blade you’re a bit of a twig,” the kid shrugged.

“Okay, yeah, compare me to the fucking Blade who I’ve seen lift a car. I know I look like a twig next to him, literally everyone does,” Wilbur said, rolling his eyes even though the kid wouldn’t see it behind his mask.

“Eh, Dream holds up pretty well next to him,” the kid pointed out.

Ah, yes, Dream. The motherfucker who was the reason Wilbur now had to get a new coat because his was covered in his own blood. Wilbur already disliked the guy, but now he had a whole new level of a personal grudge against him. He’d gotten this coat *vintage* for fuck’s sake.

“Oh, are you a Dream fanboy or something?” Wilbur asked, mocking the kid.

He expected the kid to nod, or to laugh and rattle off whoever his other favorite hero was if he wanted to go ‘against the grain’ and not be a Dream fan.

To his surprise, the kid flinched, like he was holding back a grimace. “Uh, no way. That guy’s a douche.”

Wilbur snorted. “You’re not a fan of the city’s ‘Number One Hero?’”

“Not really. You can only watch so many ‘say no to peer pressure’ and ‘stay in school’ videos during detention before you start resenting the guy.”

“Wait, he’s in those?”

The kid nodded and oh god. Wilbur knew exactly the type of videos the kid was talking about, except when he had been in high school, it had been generic pro athletes making them. But the fact that they had dragged Heroes into doing them? Specifically *Dream?*

“Holy shit! That’s fucking hilarious!” Wilbur laughed. “Oh I am so gonna make fun of him with that next time we fight.”

Next time we fight.

His laughter died out almost as soon as it appeared. The next time he fought Dream… when would that be? The only reason Wilbur was still breathing right now was because of a ridiculous stroke of luck. And Wilbur tried to never count on luck, given how fickle it seemed to be for him.

Glancing down at the wound on his abdomen, he barely held back a sigh. “Well, that probably won’t be for a while.”

There was a moment of silence. Wilbur could feel the kid’s eyes watching him. There was a question on the tip of his tongue, and Wilbur was fairly certain he knew what it was.

“Did… Did Dream do that to you?” He finally asked in a low voice.

Wilbur could tell him. He could go into detail about how the Hero Committee were a bunch of fucking liars, how they didn’t actually care about accountability in the slightest and just wanted to ensure their Heroes looked good to the public.

But that was so much to unpack. And for all he knew, this kid could just be humoring him. Chatting with him out of some sense of obligation to make sure he wasn’t going to keel over and die the second he left the alley. Not to mention, it would be a shock if the kid even believed him. Just because he saved Wilbur’s life didn’t mean that he actually liked or trusted Siren. Wilbur would honestly be concerned if it did.

“You don’t need to know, kid,” Wilbur told him instead, using the wall to push himself to his feet. A jolt of pain flashed through his gut, but it wasn’t anywhere near as blinding as before. “Anyway, I should probably get going. I guess I’ll, uh, see you around.”

Wilbur needed to get home. He needed to plaster a bandage before this hole in his side leaked out anymore blood onto his already ruined coat. He needed painkillers—lots of them. He needed to shower this whole night away.

And most of all, Wilbur needed to see Phil and Techno again. Just to remind himself that things were alright. He was alive, and they were alive, and he’d had a close call but it wasn’t the end. The anxiety thrumming behind his ribs didn’t need to be there. He was *fine*.

“Wait, are you gonna be able to make it back to your evil lair or whatever like that?” The kid asked as he stood up as well.

…what?

“Evil lair?”

“I dunno! You’re a big supervillain! You guys have evil lairs, right?”

Despite the oncoming headache he could feel throbbing behind his eyes, Wilbur couldn’t help but snort at that. “For the record, no, we don’t have evil lairs. We have houses like normal people. And yes, I should be able to get back on my own.”

“Oh.” The kid paused, eyes falling to the ground. “Well, you should have an evil lair anyway. It’s a lot fucking cooler than just having a boring ass house.”

“You’re such a weird kid,” Wilbur muttered, shaking his head. This kid was weird for many reasons, not just because he had decided to heal a supervillain just out of the goodness of his heart, but also because he didn’t seem all that worried about being rude to a full on supervillain. They’d known each other for all of ten minutes and he’d already lost track of how many times this kid had insulted him.

“I’m not a kid! I’m a Big Man!” He immediately protested.

“Whatever you say, strange child,” Wilbur huffed as he limped out of the alley.

As he reached the mouth, he glanced behind him to see the kid hanging back. Despite the snark in his words, there was anxiety lining his shoulders and fear dancing in his eyes. He might’ve been rude, but he was still afraid of Wilbur. Even if it was in a distant way, it was there, but he hadn’t left yet. He was still here, waiting to make sure Wilbur got out of the alley alright.

Wilbur lifted one hand to wave at him, and then turned down the street. Using one hand to support himself on the wall, he hurried to the next intersection, turning again so the kid wouldn’t be able to see where he went.

Ducking into the small alcove of a store, Wilbur tugged off the blindfold and shoved it in his pocket, before taking off his coat and tying it around his waist. Thankfully, his dark clothes hid most of the bloodstains, so he didn’t worry about getting strange looks as he sat himself down on the bench for a bus stop. There were two other people waiting for the bus, and they didn’t give him a second glance as he settled himself, just as he expected.

The bus rolled up with the deafening squeak of the brakes, but Wilbur didn’t get on. He stayed sitting, watching the other two bus stop patrons climb up the steps, and shook his head at the bus driver to tell him he was staying right where he was.

Once the bus had pulled away again, leaving Wilbur bathed in the orange glow of the streetlamps, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and clicked the top of his contacts.

It range once, twice, then-

“Wilbur?”

“Hey Techno,” Wilbur said quietly, wincing at how rough his voice sounded in the dead night air. “Sorry I’m a bit late-”

“Where have you been? Quackity told us you guys left your stakeout hours ago but you haven’t been answering any of our texts. Dad’s practically made a rut in the carpet with how much he’s been pacing.”

“It’s, uh, a long story,” Wilbur muttered, dragging a hand down his face. “I got in a fight though, and I really don’t feel up to walking home right now. So do you think you could

come pick me up?"

"Who did you fight? I didn't see anything about a hero villain fight on the news."

Wilbur let out a deep sigh between his teeth. "It was Dream."

On the other end, Techno made a startled noise. "You fought *Dream?* Alone? And you're still standing?"

"Gee, thanks for the faith in me," Wilbur huffed, leaning back against the wall of the bus shelter, and wincing when it jostled his wound. "It's a long story, and yes, I'm alright. But I don't think I can walk home like this."

"So you're hurt." It wasn't a question.

"Yes," Wilbur answered anyway. "But not badly. I just need a band-aid and I'll be good as new."

"Y'know, I got the strangest feeling that you're totally lyin' to me about it not being bad," Techno said, and through the phone Wilbur could hear the jangling of keys. "I'll find out in a few minutes though, I guess. Where am I coming to pick you up?"

Wilbur rattled off the intersection he was at, and Techno hummed, the car rumbling to life on his end of the phone.

"I'll be there in five minutes."

With that, Techno hung up the phone, and Wilbur slumped further into the wall of the bus shelter. Technically, he could've walked the fifteen-ish minutes it would've taken to get to his house from here. But he really didn't feel like it, and considering how badly his attempt at trying to walk back had gone already, he really didn't want to test his luck a second time.

Exhaustion crept into his bones as he waited, and by the time the familiar car pulled around the street corner, Wilbur was already counting the seconds till he could lay down. Techno stopped in front of the bus stop, unlocking the doors and gesturing for Wilbur to get in the front.

"You look terrible," Techno said as soon as Wilbur shut the car door behind him, taking off down the street back towards their house.

"It looks worse than it is," Wilbur lied. Technically, he wasn't wrong. Thanks to that kid, his injury wasn't anywhere near as bad as the blood staining his clothes would suggest, but the lingering ache was still settling over his shoulders and through his limbs. Suffice to say, he was so goddamn ready for this night to be over.

Techno hummed, clearly not believing him, but knowing he couldn't do much to call him out while he was on the road. Instead, he just turned the heater up in the car, and reached to press play on the carplay screen once again.

Soft piano notes filled the car, and Wilbur sunk back into the leather seat, letting the anxiety trickle out of him. It wasn't long before they were pulling into their garage, and Techno didn't say anything to Wilbur as they both climbed out. He took Wilbur's coat wordlessly, guiding him into the kitchen with a stern look.

The kitchen lights were bright, and made Wilbur wince as Techno dragged him to the sink. All he wanted to do was take a shower, but he already knew he wasn't going to get anywhere until he let Techno give his injuries a look over.

As Wilbur leaned against the counter, Techno crouched down to get the first aid kit out from under the sink. Then, he straightened back up, setting it next to Wilbur and clicking it open to reveal an array of bandages and antiseptic inside.

"Alright, let's see it," Techno said, folding his arms over his chest.

Rolling his eyes, Wilbur set his coat on the counter and lifted up the edge of his shirt, revealing the minimized stab wound. Even though it was nowhere near as bad as it had been before, Techno still sucked in a sharp breath, his brows furrowing together as he shot a glare at Wilbur.

"You got *stabbed?!*"

"Only a little bit," Wilbur argued, even though that was a bold-faced lie.

Techno raised an eyebrow at him. "You got impaled by an object, yes or no?"

Letting out a deep sigh, Wilbur shrugged. "Yes. In a technical sense, I got impaled by an object."

There was a beat of silence as Techno stared at him, seeming like he was debating whether he wanted to yell at Wilbur or make him a cup of tea.

Then, he took a deep breath, and tilted his head back.

"DAD! WILBUR GOT STABBED!"

"Oh you motherfucker-"

"WHAT?!"

Great. Fucking great. Thanks a fucking lot, Techno.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Wilbur hissed, smacking Techno's hand away when he reached for the first aid kit.

"You weren't gonna tell him yourself," Techno said, giving him a knowing look.

Then, before Wilbur could chew out his brother more, he heard pounding footsteps on the stairs and knew he was screwed. Dragging his hands down his face, Wilbur silently accepted

his imminent demise as Phil ran into the kitchen, eyes blown wide and wings puffed up as he slid to a stop on the tile.

“Dad, I’m fine,” Wilbur told him before Phil could even open his mouth.

“Techno said you got stabbed,” Phil shot back, hurrying over so he was standing right in front of Wilbur, his eyes darting around in search of his injury. “That doesn’t sound fucking fine to me.”

Huffing, Wilbur lifted the edge of his shirt again so Phil could see the wound. “I only got stabbed a little bit, it’s not even bleeding anymore!”

Bending down, Phil narrowed his eyes at the wound, before he was reaching for a gauze pad. “A stab wound is a stab wound. Tell me what happened,” Phil ordered, turning on the sink to dampen the gauze before he carefully began to wipe away the dried blood.

Wilbur sucked in a sharp breath at the pain that flashed through him when the gauze pulled on the wound. “It was- ow- it was stupid. I should’ve taken my blindfold off instead of trying to walk home in full costume.”

“That’s not telling me what happened,” Phil pointed out. Beside him, Techno had already taken out a plastic-wrapped needle, and was loading up the lidocaine into it with practiced ease.

Once Phil put the gauze down, he moved aside so Techno could have access to Wilbur’s wound. Wilbur shut his eyes as Techno gave him the lidocaine shot, wincing at the twinge of the needle entering his skin. It only lasted for a few seconds though, and soon, he was breathing a sigh of relief as Techno moved away and Phil brought over another damp gauze pad to continue cleaning the area.

The routine was sadly familiar to all three of them. Out of the trio, Techno had the steadiest hands, so he was the default person for giving injections or stitches. This was also convenient considering he was the only one out of their family that quite literally couldn’t get hurt, although Phil and Wilbur both still knew how to stitch up a wound or give a lidocaine injection on the off chance Techno wasn’t there.

“In a nutshell, I was trying to walk home after I did that stakeout with Quackity. Dream spotted me and started fucking chasing me, and long story short the bastard stabbed me,” Wilbur explained, wincing less as the lidocaine began to spread.

“How did you get away?” Techno asked, carefully unwrapping a suture needle from its packaging and picking it up with the hemostat.

Now this… this was the tricky part of Wilbur telling them what happened. Because he *could* be honest and tell them the full severity of his wound, but if he did that, he would also have to tell them about the kid that healed him. The kid who saw Siren and decided he was worth saving, knowing full well the risk he was putting himself in.

If Phil and Techno knew about the kid, they might want to take advantage of his healing powers more often. While Wilbur doubted they would force the kid to do anything he didn't want to, he couldn't be sure that was the case. Not to mention, the kid hadn't even tried to look under his mask.

He let Wilbur keep his anonymity when very few other people would've done the same. The least Wilbur could do was repay the favor.

"I played dead," Wilbur said, watching Phil put the second gauze pad aside before tapping the edges of the wound. This time, he didn't wince because he didn't even feel Phil tapping his side, which meant the lidocaine was already doing its job. "It's numb, by the way."

Phil nodded and moved out of the way again, while Techno gestured for Wilbur to move to the center island counter. Stepping over, Wilbur laid himself across the counter, turning a bit to the side so Techno had easy access to the wound.

Carefully, Techno began to stitch him up. Wilbur watched the ceiling as Phil hovered by his head, reaching a hand out to brush his hair out of his eyes.

"I'm surprised playing dead worked," Phil muttered, gently untangling a knot in Wilbur's hair.

"I think he got a call or something and had to leave," Wilbur said, remembering how Dream had checked his phone before leaving. "I got lucky in that sense. He didn't have time to finish me off."

"You should've called us," Techno told him, hunched over Wilbur's torso as he created short, small loops to stitch up the stab wound.

"I didn't exactly have time."

"Still, if something worse had happened to you, we wouldn't have known where you were or what had gone down," Techno explained, as if Wilbur hadn't been fully aware of that already.

Thinking back to the roof, Wilbur fought the urge to wince at the reminder of his desperation not to die where no one would find him. He came *so close* to dying. Phil and Techno had no idea that the reason Wilbur was still here and breathing was only due to the kindness of a stranger.

Just then, Wilbur's train of thought was interrupted by Techno cutting the end of the thread, and gesturing for Wilbur to sit up. Once he did, Techno cleaned the surface of the stitches one more time, before pressing a soft bandage on top.

"Can you put some plastic wrap over it too?" Wilbur asked, poking at the bandage. "I'm a bit of a sweaty, bloody mess right now and definitely need to take a shower."

Nodding, Techno grabbed the plastic wrap from the cabinet, carefully pressing it over the bandage. It wouldn't be foolproof, but it would help keep the water off his stitches a bit more than the bandage would on its own.

Once that was secure, Wilbur glanced up at Techno. “Thanks.”

“You don’t need to thank me for stitching my own brother up,” Techno huffed, already putting the first aid supplies away.

“Still.”

Techno gave him an odd look at that, but Wilbur didn’t acknowledge it. He was just… really lucky to have Phil and Techno. That’s all.

On his left, Phil gently rested a hand on his shoulder. “Are you good to get upstairs on your own?”

Wilbur nodded. “Yeah, I’ll be fine.”

Phil smiled, squeezing his shoulder once before letting go. “Alright. Yell for one of us if you need anything.”

Forcing a smile back at his dad, Wilbur hopped off the counter, grateful that the lidocaine was still fully in effect and keeping the wound numb. He grabbed his bloody coat and hurried to the stairs, ignoring the way stars continued to dance across his vision as he forced his legs to move.

Once he was in his room, he wasted no time in peeling off the blood-stained clothes and jumping straight into the shower. He kept it quick, not wanting to be on his feet for any longer than necessary, and soon found himself staring into his bathroom mirror with wet hair and dark bruises dotting his arms.

Staring at the mess of browns and blues painted across his skin, Wilbur couldn’t help but think of what would’ve happened if he hadn’t managed to fall into the alleyway. How he would’ve died, full stop, no last minute miracle in the form of a blonde teenager with a short temper. It would’ve just been Wilbur and the night sky, with the stars being the only witness to his final breaths.

Wilbur had almost died. The realization settled onto his shoulders like a physical weight. As he stared at the dark bags under his eyes, it fully dawned on him that he shouldn’t be alive right now. Techno driving him home, Phil brushing his hair back from his face, getting the chance to tell his family what happened and reassure them that he was okay now—those were all stolen moments. Wilbur should’ve died on that roof, but he didn’t.

His chest ached with the understanding that he had almost lost everything. That Death had been ready to claim him. Even now, he could imagine Death Herself looming over his shoulder, reaching out for him, beckoning him into her cool embrace.

Fuck. He’d almost *died.*

Tears welled up in his eyes, and Wilbur did his best to muffle any sounds of his crying as he ran through breathing exercises. He was okay now. The wound was still there, but it wasn’t fatal. Phil and Techno were only one shout away. He was safe.

After a few minutes of tears silently streaming down his cheeks, the vice around his chest loosened its grip. Wilbur finished his routine of getting ready for bed, continuing to breathe deeply and just trying to focus on the physical things around him. Wet hair plastered against his forehead, the fog clouding most of the bathroom mirror, the sensation of his soft sweater against his arms—tiny details to try and draw himself out of his head. To remind himself he was alive and well.

By the time he left the bathroom, his eyes were still bloodshot, but there were no visible tear tracks on his cheeks. He tossed his bloody clothes in the laundry hamper and sat down on the edge of his bed, ready to lie down and go to sleep.

Except… he didn't want to.

Well, that wasn't exactly right. Wilbur desperately wanted to lay down, but he knew that if he did right now, he would just be stuck in his own swirling thoughts. His head was far too loud for such a quiet room, and Wilbur couldn't stop thinking about how he'd almost lost the chance to see his father and brother again.

A father and brother who were in the same house as him right now. Only a few steps away.

If Wilbur wasn't so exhausted in every possible way from the day's events, he probably wouldn't have caved so easily. But the childish part of him was nagging at him incessantly, and Wilbur found himself walking down the hallway without thinking twice about it.

He reached the door to Phil's room, knocking as lightly as possible so as not to wake him up if he'd already gone to sleep.

"Hello?" Phil called out from the other side, sounding wide awake.

Wilbur was both relieved and annoyed that Phil was awake. "It's me," he called back. "Can, um, I come in?"

"Yeah, of course."

Breathing out a sigh, Wilbur cracked open the door to Phil's room. His father was stretched across his bed, laying on his stomach with his wings draped over top of him. The TV was on, the dim light casting a pale glow over Phil's face. As soon as Wilbur entered the room though, he sat up, his brows furrowing in concern.

"Is something wrong, mate?"

Wilbur shook his head, although there was a lump in his throat he couldn't figure out how to swallow down. "No, I'm fine." He paused, trying to figure out how to word this so he didn't sound completely pathetic. "I just- you can totally say no, but I was wondering if, um… I could just watch some TV with you for a bit?"

When Wilbur was a kid, it had taken him a while to get comfortable staying with Phil. He originally kept to himself at night, making sure he always had a go bag ready just in case Phil ended up changing his mind and called CPS to get rid of him.

Eventually, Wilbur learned that Phil meant it when he said he wasn't going to let CPS take him away. He stopped checking his go bag every night, and gradually let himself spend more time in the evenings with Phil instead of hiding in his room. One of the traditions they started was when they would spend later evenings in Phil's room, watching movies on his bed until one of them fell asleep.

It took a while for Wilbur to trust Phil enough to fall asleep in his room. But once he did, it became a routine. If Wilbur was having a bad night, he would come into Phil's room, and the two would bundle up in blankets and watch movies together until Wilbur fell asleep.

This wasn't something that happened that often anymore. They still watched movies together, but mostly kept it to the living room. Wilbur didn't need his dad to comfort him when he was sad about something. He was an adult.

But… Wilbur had almost died today. He could cut himself some slack just once, right?

Phil's eyes widened in surprise at the question, but he nodded immediately. Wilbur closed the door behind him, climbing up onto the empty side of the bed, and bundled himself up in the blankets.

"What do you wanna watch?" Phil asked, his voice soft.

Wilbur shrugged. "Whatever you're watching right now is fine."

Humming, Phil pressed play on the TV again, and Wilbur recognized the movie as some cheesy romantic comedy from the mid-2000's. He huffed out a silent laugh. Phil was such a sap for that kind of stuff.

A companionable silence fell between them. Wilbur relaxed further into the blankets and pillows, his eyes fluttering shut as he heard Phil shift beside him. After a few moments, he felt Phil's fingers start carding through his hair, and he leaned into the touch.

"What's going on, Wil?" Phil whispered.

"Nothing," Wilbur mumbled, pressing his head further into the hand. "Just… tired."

Phil didn't say anything for a moment, just continued to run his fingers through his hair. Then, there was the creaking of a door, and Wilbur blinked open his eyes to see Techno coming into the room. He had a steaming mug in his hand, and set it down on the nightstand closest to Wilbur.

"You should drink that," Techno told him, pointing at the mug. "Chamomile relaxes you."

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. "Did you text him?" He asked Phil.

Phil gave him a sheepish smile. "Thought some tea might help."

"It's good tea, so don't waste it," Techno said, already turning towards the door again.

Seeing that Techno was trying to leave so soon, Wilbur made a disgruntled whining sound he definitely wouldn't have made if he was more awake. “Don’t leave. It’s family bonding time, asshole.”

Techno paused. “I think stitching you up counts as all the family bonding we need for tonight.”

Wilbur rolled his eyes. “Stop being a bitch and get over here.”

There was another moment as Techno seemed to consider the pros and cons of arguing against him. But after a few beats, he must’ve decided that it wasn’t worth bickering over, and reluctantly made his way back to the bed.

Techno settled himself on Wilbur’s other side, Wilbur dragging his pillows more to the middle so there would be room for all three of them. Techno wasn’t as big on physical affection as Wilbur was, so he kept a bit of space between them on the bed. That was fine though. Just feeling Techno’s presence behind his back was enough to soothe some of the anxiety buzzing in Wilbur’s head.

His family was here. After readjusting for Techno, Wilbur was now curled into Phil’s side, resting his head on his shoulder as Phil continued to play with Wilbur’s hair. Someone—either Phil or Techno—pressed play on the TV again. It was only a few seconds of listening to the movie again but it was interrupted.

“Breaking news, wanted vigilantes Nuke and Ender were spotted-“ the volume was turned down low to cut off the news report, and Wilbur finally was able to soothe his spinning thoughts into something closer to tranquility.

He was alive. His heart was still beating in his ears, Phil’s hand was warm against his head, and he could feel the bed dipping behind him where Techno was sitting.

As he drifted off into sleep, Wilbur thought of that kid with a sharp tongue and bright eyes. How he was the reason Wilbur was here, curled up against his dad with his brother sitting right beside him.

Fuck. Wilbur didn’t even say thank you to him when he left the alley.

Well, he knew what he was going to do now. He was going to find that kid again and thank him for saving his life.

And that was his coherent last thought as he let himself slip fully into sleep.

End Notes

I just wanted to include some cute fluffy sbi stuff after Wilbur nearly died. poor guy's had a rough night :(

anyway, hope you guys enjoyed!! this was a very random thing I wrote on a whim. I have no idea when/if I'll write anything else in the clinic-verse. as always, these additional side stories are just something I do for fun and don't really have a lot of plans with them.

if you guys draw fanart for clinic, make sure to post it on twitter with the hashtag #tommyinnitsclinicforsupervillains so I can see it! also don't be afraid to tag me in fanart you post either, my @ on both tumblr and twitter is @bonesandthebees !

also if you want more side clinic content check out the series this fic is a part of 'the world of clinic'. I have a prequel story there, along with another prequel one shot. make sure to subscribe to the series so you get notified anytime I add to it!

please let me know what you thought down in the comments below! I don't reply to most but I read them all and they really make my day <3

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!